

# QUEER OLD BACHELORS!

*In Imitation of "Smart Young Bachelors."*

OH! they are a worthless set,  
Queer old Bachelors!  
Oh! they are a worthless set,  
At whose loss none would regret,  
Seeking still more pelf to get,  
Queer old Bachelors!

When fair maidens they're before,  
Queer old Bachelors!  
When fair maidens they're before,  
Without of gold such have a store,  
They're dull and doltish as before,  
Queer old Bachelors!

On in Riot's course they press,  
Queer old Bachelors!  
On in Riot's course they press,  
Ranting still—though but, you'd guess,  
For to ease their minds' distress,  
Queer old Bachelors!

Wine and women they pursue,  
Queer old Bachelors!  
Wine and women they pursue,  
Though oft the latter make them rue,  
While they've to cant and *fee* them, too,  
Queer old Bachelors!

What's their life?—almost a curse,  
Queer old Bachelors!  
What's their life?—almost a curse,  
No good wife to heed their purse,  
None with whom they can converse,  
Queer old Bachelors!

Lasses fair, O! heed them not,  
Queer old Bachelors!  
Lasses fair, O! heed them not,  
The hulky, sculky, sulky lot,  
Ever from you bid them trot,  
Queer old Bachelors!

GREAT TOTHAM, 1845.

